1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
ON6 Buka ON6
Kurtatchi

to practise, cannibalism, these people never ate human flesh merely to appease hunger, or as a relish to taro, as other flesh food is eaten. There must always be some sanction behind the consumption of man. With these natives, it was done as an insult or as a punishment, or as a necessary adjunct to certain ceremonies, and the usual victims were enemies taken in war. The distinction is perhaps a subtle one, since those who have eaten human flesh freely admit that they enjoyed it, and although raids seem to have taken place for a variety of reasons, it seems not unlikely that some excuse might readily be found for undertaking one when the desire for a taste of human flesh became strong. It will be remembered that the staple diet of these folk is vegetarian, and that, at the present time, their greatest luxury in the way of food is pigmeat.

One raid was certain to be reciprocated by another, and thus was started a chain of retaliatory raids, first by one side and then by the other, till one or other party tired of it and offered ceremonial currency to compound the feud. They would then say to the other party: 'All right, let us finish now, let us be good friends now. We will come down to see you, and you will come up on top (i.e. into the mountains) to our place.' It will be noted that it is the mountain people who are represented as being the side to ask for a cessation of hostilities, the account coming from the people of a coastal village.

Pinari, *tumaun* of Kurtatchi, told me the following details of a raid in which he had taken part. He could give me no idea how long ago it was.

The people of Gogoiv (a village on Buka) killed two men, Waripa, a *tumaun*, and another man who was a commoner, while they were shooting fish from a canoe. Both men belonged to Tiop. The rest of the people were away at one of the *upi* ceremonies. The people of Tiop asked us to help avenge them. A *tumaun* from Tabut came with me, and we went and raided Gogoiv and killed a man, and took him in a canoe to Tiop, and we all ate him there in revenge for Waripa.

An account of the cooking of a prisoner was given me by an old man at Saposa who had himself taken part in such affairs.

People used to go out to fight, they would come to a village, they fight, they set fire to the village at night. They see a fine man, they kill him, they take him home and hang him up to a tree. They put paint on him and ornamental plants, they comb his hair. He stinks, but that does not matter, they eat him just the same, the fire makes him good. He stays